

VANDERBILT CALLED SHOPPERS SEE A MURDER ATTEMPTED, AND A SUICIDE.

A SHAKER, BY A JUDGE.
Young Cornelius Tries to Beg Off in Court from Paying \$100 Penalty for Ignoring Jury Summons.

Judge Fitzsimons Roundly Denounces the Millionaire's Action in Seeking to Evade Citizen's Duty.

Contrasts Him with John Jacob Astor, Who Cheerfully Served as a Juror When Called upon By Court.

"Rich men who expect the law to protect their property should do their part toward seeing that the laws are obeyed."

Cornelius Vanderbilt has been fined \$100 for contempt of court by James M. Fitzsimons, Chief Judge of the City Court. Mr. Vanderbilt seeks to have the fine remitted. Judge Fitzsimons has adjourned the case to Tuesday, the day after New Year's, for final adjudication.

Young Mr. Vanderbilt, who lives at No. 608 Fifth avenue, was served on April 1 last with a summons for jury service in the City Court. The summons was sent by mail to an address on East Thirty-sixth street. It was then forwarded by the post office to Mr. Vanderbilt's correct address. Mr. Vanderbilt does not disclaim the receipt of the summons. Court met on April 2.

Mr. Vanderbilt did not appear or send an excuse. A fine of \$100 was entered against him, as is usual in such cases. It is the custom of the court to allow such fines to run on until the end of the term, when they are all brought up and notice sent to the delinquents, notifying them to appear and show cause why the fines should not stand.

Ignored the Notice.
Such a notice was sent to Mr. Vanderbilt about two months ago. Mr. Vanderbilt did not appear or send an excuse.

A few days ago the Corporation Counsel, represented by Adrian T. Kierman, had a judgment entered against Mr. Vanderbilt for \$100. A notice was sent him that unless the fine was paid immediately Mr. Vanderbilt would be subject to imprisonment for contempt of court.

Mr. Vanderbilt's lawyer, Mr. Kierman, sent a legal representative to see the Corporation Counsel to urge that Mr. Vanderbilt should not pay the fine. Mr. Kierman told the attorney that he had no jurisdiction, and that Mr. Vanderbilt's only remedy lay at the court.

In Judge Fitzsimons's court on Friday Mr. Vanderbilt's lawyer appeared. He argued that Mr. Vanderbilt was not compelled to respond to the summons, as it was not a legal summons. No other contention was made.

Judge Fitzsimons suggested that his was not a legitimate excuse. Jury summonses are often sent by mail, he said, and they are perfectly legal. Then the Judge proceeded to say some very plain things.

Contrast to J. J. Astor.
"This is a nice way for Mr. Vanderbilt to do," he said. "He paid no attention to the summons or the notice to show cause. He is of no legal weight whatever."

Mr. Vanderbilt's action is in unfortunate contrast to that of John Jacob Astor, who, when summoned for jury duty, not only appeared, but served.

"Rich men who expect the law to protect their property should do their part toward seeing that the laws are obeyed," Mr. Vanderbilt is a young man of vast wealth and property. His interests demand the utmost safeguards that the law can provide. Yet he has contemptuously neglected the most important duties of an American citizen.

Assistant Corporation Counsel Kierman then arose in court and asked that the case be adjourned until the Corporation Counsel time to submit further affidavits in the case.

Mr. Vanderbilt then said he would adjourn the case until January 2.

Mr. Vanderbilt's attorney, Mr. Kierman, William H. Vanderbilt, who gave utterance to the celebrated statement: "The public be damned!"

WOMAN DIES IN THE STREET AFTER STRIKING A DOCTOR.
Dr. H. S. Warren and W. J. Van Velsor Held by the Chicago Police as a Precaution.

Chicago, Dec. 23.—After a jealous quarrel with Dr. H. S. Warren, Mrs. Vivian Walsh fell in the street last night and died in a few minutes. The woman, until a month ago, was the wife of J. E. Walsh, a West Lake street merchant. Warren is prominent in political circles.

Warren says that he and W. J. Van Velsor, the woman's brother, had left her for her home a short time before the quarrel and that she followed them in a cab and insisted on having a drink of whiskey. When Dr. Warren refused to let her have it, she declares that she struck him twice in the face and then fell. Heart disease is said to have caused death, but the police are holding the men.

COMPLAINT AGAINST BRITISH SHIPS FILED.
State Department Called on to Investigate Seizure of American Flour, Shipped to Africa.

Washington, Dec. 23.—The State Department has received the complaint of the owners of the two shipsloads of flour which were recently seized by British cruisers off the coast of East Africa.

The flour seized was the property of the Pennsylvania Milling Company, of New York. According to the report submitted, it was bound, in the usual course of trade, to East African ports.

As no statement has been received from the British authorities, it is believed that the British officers in command of the cruisers assumed that the flour was for the aid of the Boer army.

Secretary Hay called on the President in relation to the case. Later the United States Consul at Lourenço Marques was instructed to investigate. A copy of the statement of the milling company was sent to Ambassador Choate.

The Nearest Thing to Evans's Ale is Evans's Stout—That's enough!
The Journal printed last week 8,480 Em. pliment "Want" Advs., which is 2,833 more than any other newspaper.



Principals in an Attempted Murder and Accomplished Suicide.

In front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, in broad daylight, with the sidewalks swarming with shoppers, this man fired three shots at his wife, with whom he had quarreled, while her little girl stood at her side. Failing to wound her he killed himself, while hundreds looked on. He was an actor.

In Front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel a Gloomy Joke Writer Fires Three Times at His Wife, Then Shoots Himself and Dies in Plain View of Hundreds.

A multitude of Christmas shoppers passing in front of the Fifth Avenue Hotel just before 2 p. m. yesterday saw a man draw a revolver from his pocket, point it at a woman with whom he was talking and pull the trigger.

The woman had a little girl of ten by the hand. The three had been standing directly in front of the doorway of the Second National Bank, at the Twenty-third street corner of the hotel building. The crowd of passers-by nearly blocked the sidewalk. Cabs, cable cars, vehicles of every description and pedestrians filled the streets.

As the shot rang out hundreds turned to look at the two. They saw the woman cower back, her face set, looking with terrified eyes into the muzzle of the revolver. Almost instantly there was a second flash, and the pistol was so close that it burned the woman's cheek and hair.

The terrified crowd broke in all directions, and men and women trampled on each other in an endeavor to escape from danger. The man then had an open space around his intended victim, who had retreated nearly to the curbstone, and the child ran screaming into the street.

For a third time the man approached the woman, who was so completely terrified as to be unable to run, and again fired at close range.

Woman Bore Charmed Life.
Marvellous as it seemed, she still kept her feet, but there was a hole through her light felt hat, while another bullet had carried with it a lock of hair and a third had grazed her cheek.

At this moment and before the would-be murderer could fire again a laborer ran from the crowd, and making a dive in foot-ball fashion, seized the man around the legs and dragged him down. At the same moment Policeman Schlottman, of the Broadway squad, who was on duty at the Twenty-third street crossing, rushed up, and with the aid of the laborer, tried to get the pistol away from the man, who still gripped it.

Before they succeeded the man wrenched himself free, pushed the muzzle of the revolver into his mouth and fired. He fell within a few moments died in full view of the gaping crowd that waited the spot where he lay.

A patrolman took the body to the Twenty-third street police station; the janitor of the bank came out and washed the blood stains from the flagging and half an hour later the other throngs of Christmas shoppers were walking unopposedly over the spot where the tragedy had taken place.

The woman who had been so miraculously preserved from harm, with her little girl, followed the body to the police station and there told her story.

The Woman's Calm Recital.
"My name is Kate Clark," she said, with astonishing calmness, considering the experience she had just undergone, "and the man who shot at me was Willis Clark, my husband."

"The little girl here is our daughter Nellie. Poor child, it was a shocking thing for her to see her mother shooting over her head, and then to see her father die."

"I am so glad that papa didn't hit you, mamma."

Neither wife nor child had any tears to shed.

COALS A WAR SHIP IN A ROUGH SEA.
Massachusetts's Bunkers Replenished by a Machine.

The battle ship Massachusetts was successfully coaled while twenty miles off Sandy Hook yesterday. A fresh easterly breeze made the sea rough, but the Miller conveyor succeeded in transferring fuel from the collier Marcellus while the latter was in tow of the war ship and 420 feet distant.

Excluding stoppages for swinging the ships into position, 80 trips were made in 80 minutes, 100 bags of coal, each weighing 420 pounds, being transferred from ship to ship in that time, the collier pitching and rolling considerably, and the war ship's forward deck being continually washed by the seas, into which she plunged under steam at a speed of between four and five knots an hour.

Speaking of the trial, Captain Train, of the Massachusetts, said:
"There was no time during the Cuban blockade last year when this system could not have been used. I consider it a great success and congratulate Mr. Miller on it."



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THIRTY-ONE YEARS WITHOUT WATER.

Joshua Reddik Made a Vow, and Adhered to It Strictly.

HAD ALCOHOLIC RELIEF, EFFECT MAY BE WIDE.

Whiskey and Beer as Steady Beverages—Baths on the Tabooed List.

Leffler's Station, La., Dec. 23.—Joshua Reddik died yesterday. Of itself there is nothing in this announcement to cause its publication in the scorching metropolis. But in a period of thirty-one years Joshua Reddik had not taken a drink of water voluntarily, nor had he allowed himself to take a bath. There was a feud between water and Joshua, pathetic in its inception. Reddik was one of the first settlers in this section. Long before the railroad came he was here. Of Pennsylvania German stock, he trooped across the country in a prairie schooner about the time that Horace Greeley advised young men to follow the course of the Star of Empire. He had a strong, self-reliant wife when he reached these parts and went into lumber, so to speak. Later in life he went deeper into lumber.

In due course of time a young Joshua came to the family of Reddik. He was a lively youth, who could plough a straight furrow when he was eleven years old. The family prospered exceedingly. The few acres that old Joshua had acquired swelled until he had a title deed to a large percentage of the township. During the civil war he was entered into partnership with some financiers down along the Mississippi River and cornered the hay market. It is a matter of tradition hereabouts that they sold hay to the Government at a price approximating nine gold dollars a pound and weighed it on their own scales.

A few miles from the Reddik homestead flowed a placid river. In this stream Reddik and his son were accustomed to swim. They went swimming one fine warm day in July, 1868, and young Joshua was drowned. The body was never recovered.

Mrs. Reddik, prostrated by the shock, died. Joshua was condemned to live with a wife who never, so long as he lived, would drink water or voluntarily come in contact with it. This oath was taken in the presence of a score of people, who remain alive to tell about it, and to-day they tell in awed whispers of how well he kept it.

Of course, Joshua Reddik had to drink something. He decided that whiskey was about as far away from water as he could get, and he stocked his house with whiskey. He bought it by the barrel, and as time went on his thirst increased.

It happened that Joshua kept him from traveling. He was virtually surrounded by water. His bath would not allow him to cross water, for fear he might drown. Joshua was condemned to spend his life in a territory about three miles square. Rain and snow were the bane of his existence. He became an expert in prognosticating rainstorms, and was always able to avoid getting wet, but in winter he was compelled to spend most of his time in his lonely house. He would stock it up with provisions, and have a few barrels of whiskey rolled in and prepare to hibernate. Nobody cared to associate with him, and after some years old inhabitants appear in the spring or not.

Whiskey as a steady beverage palled on the old man after a decade of indulgence. Joshua's brewery was a short distance from the house. On one side of the brewery was a pond, and to avoid the pond in reaching the brewery the old man was compelled to make a wide detour and slide down a bluff. A special brand of beer was made for him in the brewery, and a flight of stairs was built down the bluff for his benefit. Employees of the brewery say it was not unusual for Reddik to drink a keg of beer in a day.

He retained his business sense. His lands increased in value, and he collected his rents and paid his taxes regularly. Old friends assisted him in investments, and instead of becoming bankrupt he got richer and richer. His estate to-day is valuable, and so far as is known there is no claimant for it, although there is a rumor that he has relatives in Pennsylvania.

MAN'S DEATH CAUSED BY WIFE'S DESERTION.
When She Attempted to Attend His Funeral His Family Objected, and She Was Arrested.

Winsted, Conn., Dec. 23.—Information received to-day from the town of New Milford, this county, says that John Suwarrow, who was a good and peaceable citizen, was found dead in his bed on Wednesday morning, with his youngest child locked in his arms.

Four years ago Suwarrow's wife deserted him, and his child, Constant, brooding over this desertion, it is believed, affected his heart and caused his death. Mrs. Suwarrow tried to attend the funeral, but the man's family objected, and she was arrested for creating a disturbance.

Journal Prints All Auction Sales.
The Journal printed last week 823 Auction Sale advertisements, which is 212 more than any other newspaper.

Forty-Seventh Season.
Established 1853.
HIGHEST AWARD. GOLD MEDAL.
CENTENNIAL. PARIS, 1875.

F. BOOSS & BRO.,
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Sealskin, Persian and Baby Lamb Jackets, Capes & Muffs a Specialty.
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B. Altman & Co.
COTTON DRESS FABRICS FOR SPRING, 1900.
Will be on sale TUESDAY, December 26th.
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